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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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The Queen of the Seasons.

BY THE REV. DR. NEWMAN.

All is divine
Which the Highest has made,
Through the days that He wrought,
Till the day when He stay'd:
Above and below
Within and around,
From the centre of space
To its uttermost bound.

In beauty surpassing
The Universe smiled
On the morn of its birth,
Like an innocent child,
Or like a rich bloom
Of some gorgeous flower;
And the Father rejoiced
In the work of His power.

Yet worlds brighter still,
And a brighter than those,
And a brighter again
He had made, had He chose;
And you never could name
That conceivable best,
To exhaust the resources
The Maker possessed.

But I know of one work
Of His infinite Hand
Which special and singular
Ever must stand,
So perfect, so pure,
And of gifts such a store,
That even Omnipotence
Ne'er shall do more.

The freshness of May
And the sweetness of June,
And the fire of July
In its passionate noon,
Munificent August,
September serene,
Are together no match
For my glorious Queen.

O Mary! all months
And all days are thine own,
In thee lasts their joyousness
When they are gone!
And we give thee May
Not because it is best,
But because it comes first,
And is pledge of the rest.

Chaucer and His Age.

The history of English Literature properly commences about the year 1350, immediately succeeding what may be termed the Anglo-Saxon and Norman periods. At this time original invention may be met with, as hitherto all who could be called English writers were in reality nothing more or less than imitators and translators, depending solely for their style, etc., on the ancient authors. Even at this time some of them still continued to write in French and in Latin. But as regards the works written in French they are so few and at the same time so insignificant that they scarcely exist save in name. But of this period many valuable works are written in Latin, such as "Liber Metricus" on the career of Henry V, written by a Benedictine monk. A history of the reign of Edward III, by Robert de Avesbury; "Mandevile's Travels" in the Holy Land, a work of considerable merit, which is also written in French; and another very important work entitled "Complatio de Eventibus Angliae a tempore Regis Edgardi usque ad mortem Regis Richardi II," written by Henry Knyghton, a canon regular of Leicester. Other works of importance are "Historia Anglicana," written by a monk of St. Alban's; a history of Scotland, entitled "Scotichronicon," by a secular priest—an extensive work containing sixteen books of incalculable interest to the student of early Scottish history.

Another of those writers was the prolific Wycliffe. He wrote many works, embracing Philosophy, Theology, Protests, Disputations, etc., all of course impregnated with his heretical ideas, and which can only bear mention inasmuch as they regard literary merit. About this time through the consolidation of nationalities, such as the Normans and English, and other circumstances, the native language prevails; but, however, there is an immense accession of words taken from foreign languages, especially from the French, as may be observed in the poems of Lawrence Minot, who wrote about the year 1350.

Passing from these early names in English Literature we come to the Father of English poetry, Geoffrey Chaucer, who has left behind him monuments of his genius and literary attainments. Born as he was in a remote age with scarcely anything like a model by which he might be guided, he seemed to burst forth with all the necessary qualifications of a noble and high-minded man, capable of transmitting to posterity an originality of ideas, a profound and varied train of thoughts, that after the lapse of nearly five centuries are looked upon with as much interest as if he had given vent to them but a few years ago. Critics, with very few exceptions, agree in bestowing praise upon him: and this arises from the fact not as some, with Byron, suppose of his antiquity, but that he was true to

—We wish some competent contributor would write us a good essay on the perorations of speeches.

nature: knew how to shape his ideas; eloquent on all subjects which were expressed in language; pure and universally intelligible. His celebrity is also due in part to the manner in which he "exhibits to us all that lay around him, the roughness and ignorance, the honor, faith, fancy, joyousness of a strong mind and a strong age, both tranquil within bounds, which, as large enough for their uses, neither had tried to pass.

"How strikingly for us are those grating contrasts of social condition harmonized by the home-bred feeling that men as they then were had the liberty and space they then needed! the king and priest, the all-sufficient guides of men's higher life, and all powers and even wishes finding ample room each within the range marked out by custom. Every figure is struck off by as clear and cutting a stroke as that of a practiced mower with his scythe."

With these few observations we may say that Chaucer was a true poet in every sense of the expression; and whatever posterity may think of him, they can never deny him the attribute just mentioned, for even in after ages when the views and opinions of men will undoubtedly undergo something of a change, Chaucer will hold the same position in the mind of the literary world as he does at the present day, as there is something connected with his works, something in the way of literary ability in whatever he has left behind him, that whoever attempts to criticise them finds himself compelled, as it were, to judge favorably of them.

The "Canterbury Tales" form what may be justly considered a monument to his genius. The origin of this noble work is the following: our poet with twenty-nine of his country-folk met at Tabard Inn, all going on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. After dining together at the hotel it is proposed by the landlord that they should travel together, and by this means shorten their journey. The proposal is received, and the host who is also bent on the same pilgrimage is appointed judge and reporter of the tales that are to be told on the way; as, according to agreement, each person should tell a tale both in going and returning, and the one that told the best should be treated to a supper at the expense of the rest. The characters composing the party are so inimitably portrayed and discriminated in his prologue as to form in themselves a galaxy that has never been surpassed if ever equalled, and must undoubtedly remain forever a testament to his genius. Each tale is well adapted to the character and capacity of the narrator; and as each individual has something different to tell according to his own sphere in life, it follows that the whole together furnishes what may be termed an intimate scene of English social life in the fourteenth century.

His delineation of rural scenery is also remarkable, and justly admired as pervading all his works, especially the merchant's tale in the work in question; here we find the rural objects and scenery minutely and artistically drawn, in language at once clear and simple, thereby forming a principal feature in the poem. The "Flower and Leaf," a spirited poem, was much admired by Sidney, owing principally to its pathetic nature, and remained for a long time popular. The "Knight's Tale" is considered among the noblest of chivalrous romances. His other principal works are: "The Romaunt of the Rose," "The Assembly of Fowls," "The Complaint of Pity," "Queen Annelida and False Arcite," and "The Court of Love." All are remarkable for delineation of character, vivacity of expression

and sentiments clearly expressed. His prose works are all of much credit both to himself and to the age in which he lived especially his "Testament of Love." The works of Chaucer notwithstanding the encomiums that have been bestowed upon them by poets and critics fall far short of of what is demanded in this our day. And this may be attributed not to any change in the high opinion regarding the merit of the author, nor to the obsolescence of the language with which he clothed his ideas, but to a total change in the feelings, manners, etc., in society; hence they are unknown to the general reader save in name. This, after all, only goes to show that many things change with time, and it is almost useless to attempt to explain the cause why many works of so high an order, works evidently marked and stamped with true genius, are thrown aside without scarcely any regard for their contents, and left to grace, as we may say, the shelves of a library until something peculiar in its nature turns up, at which time such books are taken down once more, and after this something is settled, then the books may go to rest again for how long we do not know, save the progressive and steady change in manners, feelings, ways of thinking, judging, etc., and especially as regards morality. And the author, no matter how great his talent may be, that defiles his writings with anything like unprincipled and unmanly expressions, that gives way to some evil influence of his nature, deserves in after ages, when men are wont to judge soberly and with care, not to have that which is after all the true and best guide to the merit of a work—a circulation among all classes of society acquainted with the language in which it is written. Critics may praise or blame, recommend or not recommend such and such a work just as they think fit, but this is all they can do; they cannot directly move the will, and after some time, when that little prejudice or good feeling of which they may have been the remote cause has passed away, men will commence to think and judge for themselves, and here we find a change, not exactly as regards the reputation or merit of the author, but as regards something that is very intimately connected with and found in the very nature of his work or works; and this something is evident to all disinterested parties, and finally brings about the final but silent decision respecting him. It is true that a great deal of good is done by a sound criticism on a work just issued from the press and placed in the hands of a people, but it can only assist in directing to a certain extent the powers of the mind with, for, or against, its intrinsic merit, in seeing its good qualities and in detecting its bad ones. Hence it is wrong to think that a work must be such and such just because a certain individual, who could not even attempt to produce anything like it himself, has said so; we should see for ourselves, and only use the opinions of others as a means whereby we may see the better.

John Gower, a poet of the age of Chaucer (1320-1402) wrote a poetical work in three parts, respectively entitled "Speculum Meditantis," in French; "Vox Clamantis," in Latin, and "Confessio Amantis," in English. The first part of the work has not come down to us. The second part remained in manuscript until 1850, when it was printed and edited by Mr. Coxe, for the Roxburgh Society. The last part, which may be called a discussion of the "morals and metaphysics of love" is the work by which he is best known. The first edition was printed by Caxton; but a beautiful edition of this old metrical tale, under the management of Dr. Pauli, appeared in 1857. This work is said

to have delighted the readers of the middle ages and to be all that was necessary to the requirement of those days. It was it which gave to its author the denomination of the "Moral Gower." Owing chiefly to its length it is not so generally read as might be supposed for in fact very few are willing to undertake to read a poem of its kind and, at the same time, of so immoderate a length. Its admirers are fast disappearing, but as a work of learning and erudition it will remain on the pages of English literature. He wrote some other pieces which are of minor importance. As a poet he is inferior to Chaucer in almost all the qualifications that go to make the true poet. But his name will ever be coupled with that of Chaucer as a friend and as a contemporary writer inheriting his "tediousness and pedantry without a spark of his fancy, passion, humor, wisdom and good spirits."

About the middle of the fourteenth century "Piers Plowman's Vision" was written, a caustic satire generally attributed to a man named William Langland although the real author is not absolutely certain. In a literary point of view the work in question is everything that could be desired at this period and in some respects superior to the productions of Chaucer and Gower, but it is extravagant, a fault not to be easily overlooked, and consequently notwithstanding its purer type of literary style and merit as a better specimen of English language than Chaucer, it cannot be held in the same position as Chaucer but far to the rear, deserving something of praise for its good qualities, and on the other hand, something of blame for its defects. However this may be, the names Langland and Chaucer have not the same influence or do not act in the same manner on the minds of the learned, which goes to show the inferiority of the one and the superiority of the other; and to this superiority Geoffrey Chaucer is undoubtedly the lawful claimant. Such are the principal writers of the early English period, and of these Chaucer is the centre around which, as it were, all the others form a circle. True it is that each and every one of them labored under many disadvantages and had they lived in a more recent age would have evidently left a different mark behind them. As it was, they did their duty as far as the age in which they lived and other circumstances in which they were placed permitted, and it only remains for us to say that they all deserve more or less praise. R.

The Last Moments of Beethoven.

He had but one happy moment in his life, and that moment killed him.

He lived in poverty, driven into solitude by the contempt of the world, and by the natural bent of a disposition rendered harsh, almost savage, by the injustice of his contemporaries. But he wrote the sublimest music that ever man or angel dreamed. He spoke to mankind in his divine language, and they disdained to listen to him. He spoke to them as Nature speaks in the celestial harmony of the winds, the waves, the singing of the birds amid the woods. Beethoven was a prophet, and his utterance was from God.

And yet was his talent so disregarded, that he was destined more than once to suffer the bitterest agony of the poet, the artist, the musician. He doubted his own genius.

Hadyn himself could find for him no better praise than in saying, "He was a clever pianist."

Thus was it said of Gericault, "He blends his colors

well"; and thus of Goethe, "He has a tolerable style, and he commits no faults in orthography."

Beethoven had but one friend, and that friend was Hummel. But poverty and injustice had irritated him, and he was sometimes unjust himself. He quarrelled with Hummel, and for a long time they ceased to meet. To crown his misfortunes, he became completely deaf.

Then Beethoven retired to Baden, where he lived, isolated and sad, in a small house that scarcely sufficed for his necessities. There his only pleasure was in wandering amid the green alleys of a beautiful forest in the neighborhood of the town. Alone with the birds and the wild flowers, he would then suffer himself to give scope to his genius, to compose his marvellous symphonies, to approach the gates of heaven with melodious accents, and to speak aloud to angels that language which was too beautiful for human ears and which human ears had failed to comprehend.

But in the midst of his solitary dreaming a letter arrived, which brought him back, despite himself, to the affairs of the world, where new griefs awaited him.

A nephew whom he had brought up, and to whom he was attached by the good offices which he had himself performed for the youth, wrote to implore his uncle's presence at Vienna. He had become implicated in some disastrous business, from which his elder relative alone could release him.

Beethoven set off upon his journey, and, compelled by the necessity of economy, accomplished part of the distance on foot. One evening he stopped before the gate of a small, mean-looking house, and solicited shelter. He had already several leagues to traverse before reaching Vienna, and his strength would not enable him to continue any longer on the road.

They received him with hospitality; he partook of their supper, and then was installed in the master's chair by the fireside.

When the table was cleared the father of the family arose and opened an old clavecin. The three sons took each a violin, and the mother and daughter occupied themselves in some domestic work.

The father gave the key note, and all four began playing with that unity and precision, that innate genius, which is peculiar only to the people of Germany. It seemed that they were deeply interested in what they played, for their whole souls were in the instruments. The two women desisted from their occupation to listen, and their gentle countenances expressed the emotions of their hearts.

To observe all this was the only share that Beethoven could take in what was passing, for he did not hear a single note. He could only judge of their performance from the movements of the executants, and the fire that animated their features.

When they had finished they shook each other's hands warmly, as if to congratulate themselves on a community of happiness, and the young girl threw herself weeping into her mother's arms. Then they appeared so consult together; they resumed their instruments; they commenced again. This time their enthusiasm reached its height; their eyes were filled with tears, and the color mounted to their cheeks.

"My friends," said Beethoven, "I am very unhappy that I can take no part in the delight which you experience, for I also love music; but, as you see, I am so deaf that I cannot hear any sound. Let me read this music which produces in you such sweet and lively emotions."

He took the paper in his hand, his eyes grew dim, his breath came short and fast, then he dropped the music, and burst into tears.

These peasants had been playing the allegretto of Beethoven's symphony in A.

The whole family surrounded him, with signs of curiosity and surprise.

For some moments his convulsive sobs impeded his utterance; then he raised his head, and said, "I am Beethoven."

And they uncovered their heads, and bent before him in respectful silence. Beethoven extended his hands to them, and they pressed them, kissed, wept over them; for they knew that they had amongst them a man who was greater than a king.

Beethoven held out his arms and embraced them all,—the father, the mother, the young girl, and her three brothers.

All at once he rose up, and sitting down to the clavecin, signed to the young men to take up their violins, and himself performed the piano part of his *chef d'œuvre*. The performers were alike inspired; never was music more divine or better executed. Half the night passed away thus, and the peasants listened. Those were the last accents of the swan.

The father compelled him to accept his own bed; but during the night Beethoven was restless and fevered. He rose; he needed air; he went forth with naked feet into the country. All nature was exhaling a majestic harmony; the winds sighing through the branches of the trees, and moaning along the avenues and glades of the wood. He remained some hours wandering thus amid the cool dews of the early morning; but when he returned to the house he was seized with an icy chill. They sent to Vienna for a physician; dropsy on the chest was found to have declared itself, and in two days, despite every care and skill, the doctor said that Beethoven must die.

And, in truth, life was every instant ebbing fast from him.

As he lay upon his bed, pale and suffering, a man entered. It was Hummel—Hummel, his old and only friend. He had heard of the illness of Beethoven, and he came to him with succor and money. But it was too late; Beethoven was speechless; and a grateful smile was all that he had to bestow upon his friend.

Hummel bent towards him, and, by the aid of an acoustic instrument, enabled Beethoven to hear a few words of his compassion and regret.

Beethoven seemed reanimated, his eyes shone, he struggled for utterance, and gasped, "Is it not true, Hummel, that I have some talent after all?"

These were his last words. His eyes grew fixed; his mouth fell open, and his spirit passed away.

They buried him in the little cemetery of Dobling.—*Folio*.

Biography.

Every branch of literature has its own characteristic usefulness and attractions; and for some excellencies peculiar to each of them they are all deserving of our attention,—but some more so than others. History, for instance, acquaints us with past events, with facts concerning states and empires, with the manners and customs of different peoples, and is on this account deserving of study. It is not, however, of history I intend to speak, but of another

branch of literature equally important, and which is nearly coeval with it—Biography. This term is derived from two Greek words (*Bios* and *grapho*), and in its most literal signification means the description of life. A certain writer defines it as the province of Biography to trace a human life, to remark the manifold efforts, defeats, triumphs, perplexities, attainments, sorrows and joys which fill the space between the cradle and the grave. Such, then, being the true significance of the term, and its ultimate object being one of mutual interest and benefit, we cannot give it too much attention.

The earliest and most beautiful forms of biography are to be found in the Old Testament. We have there the narratives of Joseph and of Ruth, which for simplicity, beauty of style and vividness of description surpass everything of the kind that has ever been written. In reading these simple yet beautiful narratives we are lost in admiration of the nobleness of character so aptly delineated in the one, and the filial devotedness and affection so beautifully described in the other. The Greeks and Romans were sensible of the great importance of this branch of literature; they took especial delight in recounting the military or literary achievements of their countrymen. Among the most celebrated of their biographies are the lives of the Cæsars, by Suetonius; of great commanders, by Cornelius Nepos; and lives of the greatest Greeks and Romans, by Plutarch. This latter author is more generally known and appreciated than any of the others; he evinces in writings a most accurate and extensive knowledge of mankind. It is true he cannot lay claim to any real beauty or elegance, but still we are much indebted to him for whatever knowledge we may have of many important personages of antiquity. He sought rather to reveal to us those great men in the gentler lights of retirement and private life than in their brilliant exploits of valor, or in the forum, holding countless thousands entranced by the effects of their wonderful and resistless eloquence. Who, then, having read any of these biographies can fail to see the advantages to be derived from such reading?—besides possessing all the painting and passion of romance, they present to us in detail the character, the virtues and failings of the men whom they are intended to commemorate. Again, it is but a just requittal to those men who have devoted their services to the cause of their fellow-creatures that their names be perpetuated after them, that posterity may be acquainted with and may honor the names of those who have been their benefactors. This was in ancient times, as it is to-day, a most wonderful incentive to virtue; for it is in man's nature to love praise. Dr. Ward says that it was for this reason that Virgil has placed not only his heroes but also the inventors of useful arts and sciences, and other persons of distinguished merit, in the Elysian fields, where he describes them (*Æn.* 1, vi, 661):

"Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,
In fighting-fields were prodigal of blood;
Priests of unblemished lives here make abode,
And poets worthy of their inspiring god;
And searching wits of more mechanic parts,
Who graced their age with new-invented arts;
Those who to worth their bounty did extend,
And those who knew that bounty to commend:
The heads of those with holy fillets bound,
And all their temples were with garlands crown'd."

In modern times there have been written many fine biographies, but the one which takes the precedent of all

others is Boswell's Life of Johnson which by many is believed to be the finest specimen of biography that has ever been written.

To write the life of a great man is not so easy a task as some may believe; it is in fact a most difficult undertaking. We are not satisfied with knowing the military or literary achievements of the man; we desire to know his personal history, his manners, and anecdotes of his peculiarities; we like to examine into his private conduct, and to read excerpts from his private correspondence; it is in this way that we derive the most accurate knowledge of a man's real character. Biography is also a pleasant way of learning history; for in reading the life of some great personage we become familiar with the history of the times in which he lived. The lives of persons who made themselves notorious by their vices and profligacy serves, when justly portrayed, as warnings to others, by showing the fatal consequences of licentious and immoral practices. It would be impossible to estimate the advantages to be derived from the study of biography; and it is owing to the high estimation in which we hold this most beautiful and instructive branch of literature that we have from week to week in the SCHOLASTIC a short sketch of the life of some great man.

We would, then, recommend to all persons desirous of gaining much general and useful information, and of becoming acquainted with the nature of man, to study Biography; for, after all, "the proper study of mankind is man."

M. B. DRAPIER.

The Clemency of Pope Pius IX.

One day, some three and fifty years ago, a strange cortege was seen filing out of the gates of the Castle of St. Angelo in Rome. It had a funereal aspect. They were hooded-brothers of a pious confraternity walking with a measured pace, and chanting a mournful cadence. They were followed by a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets, who surrounded a cart draped in black. None of the hundreds who stopped on the bridge of St. Angelo, to see the procession pass, asked what it meant. The ominous black was but too eloquent. But many asked who was the criminal that stood up in the cart, his hands tied before him, and his shaggy head cast down in a sad and penitent manner. It was Gajetano, the most notorious revolutionist, plotter against the state, and outlaw of his time. He had just been convicted of treason in the highest degree, and was sentenced to be executed. His appearance excited the compassion of the bystanders. Just as the cart reached the other side of the bridge, a handsome young priest emerged from one of the streets which open into the square. He glanced at the prisoner for an instant. People noticed that he had lovely eyes, and they seemed bathed in tears. Touched with a noble impulse, he rushed into the crowd and worked his way up to the officer in charge, who was on horseback. He begged for God's sake that the procession might be delayed a few moments, until he could run up to the Vatican and back. There was something irresistible in those pleading eyes, and besides the officer recognized in the young priest one who was seen frequently in the Apostolic palace. He promised acquiescence, and the priest sped to the Vatican, into the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XII, and, throwing himself upon his knees, begged with an earnestness almost supernatural for the life

of the criminal. The Pontiff was moved, and commuted the sentence of death into solitary imprisonment for life in the fortress of St. Angelo. The clergyman flew, rather than ran from the Vatican, in pursuit of the procession. He soon overtook it, for it moved slowly, as the officer in command had promised, and produced the autograph order of the Pope, forbidding the execution, and remanding the captive to St. Angelo's. Life is dear. The criminal was grateful to live at any cost, and would have fallen down at the feet of his deliverer to thank him. But he disappeared, and was next seen in the vicinity of the hospice for little boys, called *Tata Giovanni*, with which he was connected. He was known to the boys as *Padre! Giovanni*.

Years rolled by. Leo slept with his predecessors; Gregory XVI succeeded him, and he too paid the debt of nature, and rested in St. Peter's. The glorious Pontificate of Pius IX had been inaugurated but a few days when a handsome priest, dressed in the simple cassock and *farrainola* of the Roman clergy, presented himself at the fortress of St. Angelo, and asked if there were a prisoner confined therein called Gajetano. Yes, he was answered; but the prisoner being a solitary, could not be seen without an express permission from the governor of the fortress. The priest went away, and appeared soon after with the necessary order. Being ushered into the cell, the prisoner asked, "What do you want?" "I come," said the visitor, "to bring you tidings of your mother." "She still lives!"—exclaimed the captive—"Oh God be thanked!" "Yes, she lives, and she sent me to console you, and tell you to hope for better days." "All the angels are not in heaven; I see one before me," said the penitent criminal. He then narrated all that he had suffered during the long years of his living death. "Why have you not appealed to the clemency of the Pope?" said the priest. "I have done so time and again without effect," was the reply. "This petition," he continued, "would have the same fate as the rest. It would never reach the hands of Gregory XVI." "Gregory XVI is dead; write to Pius IX." "And who will present my petition?" "Myself; write, here is paper and pencil." The prisoner wrote a touching appeal to the new Pontiff, full of protestations of repentance and of loyalty. When the priest received the paper, he said: "Have confidence. This very evening the Pope will have your memorial. Courage, my friend, and pray to God for Pius IX." He left the cell, and presenting himself to the governor of the castle, said: "I come to ask grace in favor of the prisoner Gajetano." "The Pope alone can grant it," said the governor. Asking for writing materials, the stranger wrote:

"In virtue of the present order, the governor of the Castle of St. Angelo will set the prisoner Gajetano at liberty immediately."

"Pius IX."

There was no mistaking that signature. The order was obeyed on the instant, and when Gajetano sought out his mother (his liberator had already disappeared), she told him how a certain priest called Giovanni Mastai Ferretti was his deliverer on both occasions, how he had provided for her, and how they made a Bishop of him first, then a Cardinal, and finally Pope.—"ARTHUR" in *Ave Maria*.

—Beauty is as Summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last; and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but yet, certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine, and vices blush.—*Lord Bacon*.

Scientific Notes.

—At last Audubon's *Nymphæa lutea* has been found and has been rechristened *Nymphæa Audubonii*.

—A bronze statue of Livingston, the explorer of Central Africa, will be erected in Glasgow during the present year.

—On Monday, March 19th, Edwin Vicknell died at Boston. He was a most genial man, and one of the most skillful of workers with the microscope.

—Prof. Tyndall has clearly proved in a lecture on "A Combat with an Infective Atmosphere," that the theory of spontaneous generation is utterly untenable.

—We hope to see some fine reports in ornithology from Dr. E. Cones in the *American Naturalist*, as he has consented to edit the department of vertebrate zoölogy in that magazine.

—Appleton & Co. now publish every month a supplement, which is in reality a magazine in itself, to the *Popular Science Monthly*. The subscription price is \$3 a year, of twelve numbers. The first number is excellent.

—The telephone appears to be well adapted for transmitting signals in mines; indeed, according to the *Mining Review*, telephones are already employed with great advantage in many of the deep workings of the country.

—It is said that Prof. Barff, of the English Catholic University College, London, England, has discovered a means of preventing iron rusting by coating it, under certain conditions, with magnetic oxide of iron, which gives it an exterior harder than iron, not to be separated from it, and wholly incapable of rust.

—A piece of coral five inches in height, six inches in diameter at the top, and two inches at the base, was taken from a submarine cable at Port Darwin, North Australia. As the cable had been laid only four years, the coral must have grown to its present height in that time.

—As a proof that American Science is respected by Europeans we have a case in point in Prof. P. C. March, of Yale College, to whom the Council of the Geological Society of London awarded the Bigsby medal in recognition of the great services he has rendered the palæontology of vertebrata.

—The *American Naturalist* reports two remarkable instances of vitality in snails. One snail, of the species *bulimus pallidior*, lived for two years, two months and sixteen days without food, and at the end of that time appeared to be in pretty good health. Another, *helix ventchie*, lived without food from 1859 to 1865. Both of these species are indigenous to nearly rainless regions.

—The greater number of the insects collected during the late Arctic Expedition were found near Discovery Bay in 81 deg. 42 min. N. latitude. A most interesting fact is the occurrence of five or six species of butterflies within a few hundred miles of the North Pole, especially when taken into consideration with the fact that Iceland and the large islands of the Spitzbergen group, although in lower latitudes, have apparently no butterflies.

—Iron, as a building material, does not find much favor from a writer in the *Building News*. The artistic treatment of iron in houses, he thinks, is only advisable in exceptional cases, where there is no danger of fire. Cast-iron columns, when red-hot, will not support their own weight, and the temperature of a burning building far exceeds a red heat. Where iron is used at all, the duty of the architect, he says, is to imbed it so deeply in some other material that not a particle of it can be seen as a main structural feature. So extreme is his hostility to iron in fire-proof buildings, that he says, "avoid iron-work as you would gunpowder."

—Mr. Thomas Cargill attributes "priming" in steam boilers to the friction of steam globules against impurities in the water. Tallow and lard-oil have been employed as remedies, but these substances have caused other evils which would not have ensued had the lubricant been rectified petroleum. Flues of marine boilers have been known to collapse when the fatty matters carried over from the surface condenser prevented the water from reaching the internal parts of the boiler, and he believed that many

mysterious disappearances of steamships are due to collapse caused in that way. A more extensive use of mineral oils properly prepared is recommended by Mr. Cargill.

—"Suppose," says Dr. Siemens, "water-power to be employed to give motion to a dynamo-electrical machine, a very powerful current is the result. This may be carried to a great distance through a large metallic conductor, and there be made to impart motion to electro-magnetic engines, to ignite the carbon points of electric lamps, or to effect the separation of metals from their ores. A copper rod of three inches diameter would be capable of transmitting 1,000-horse power a distance of say thirty miles, an amount sufficient to supply 250,000-candle power, which would be sufficient to illuminate a moderate-sized town. Some of these days it will not be surprising to find the above suggestions carried into practical effect by inventors in places where the necessary conditions are favorable.

—Ceylon newspapers mention the excitement prevailing in that island in March in connection with the resumption of pearl fishing. The pearl oyster produces its best pearls when about four years old, so that the great object kept in view by divers is not to take any that have not reached that period of existence. This has led the authorities to prohibit fishing on the several banks except at intervals of four years, but this system has resulted in other inconveniences, inasmuch as the mollusks are beset with divers dangerous enemies, who, it is contended, make frightful havoc on a bank in one season if it be not fished. The Government is now intent upon discovering what is the right time for a bed to lie dormant. The experiences of recent years give ten million oysters as the average crop of a bank, and the average pearls found would amount to two per cent. When one thousand oysters produce \$100 worth of pearls it is considered a very remunerative product. A hundred pearls of the size of a pin's head are not worth one as large as a pea. Ten thousand persons are directly or indirectly engaged in this industry. In the last great haul in 1874, a million and a quarter of oysters were taken on one bank, which were sold for \$50,000.

Art, Music and Literature.

—"A Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language" has been organized in Dublin.

—Herr Wagner intends to bring out his latest opera, "Percival," at Monaco next year.

—The "Lives of Eminent Parsees" are to be published in Bombay by Mr. Byramjee Patel.

—Prof. J. S. Blackie has written a controversial book on the language and literature of the Scottish Highlands.

—The "Titan" and "Hesperus" of Jean Paul Richter will soon be reissued in the neat linen dress of the "Leisure Hour Series."

—The Handel festival at the Crystal palace, in June, will have a chorus of four thousand voices and an orchestra of two hundred.

—"The Age of Queen Anne" will be the next volume of the "Epoch of History" series, published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

—Mme. Luca, publisher of music in Italy, has purchased, for 60,000 francs, the sole right of playing Gounod's "Cinq Mars" in that country.

—The Rev. H. R. Haweis, the author of "Music and Morals," will contribute a paper on Wagner to *The Contemporary Review* for May.

—Mr. W. H. Whitmore, of Boston, has issued a pamphlet entitled "Unjust Taxes; a Criticism of the Massachusetts System of Local Taxation."

—Mr. Frederick Martin, the compiler of the "Statesman's Year Book," at one time secretary to Carlyle, is preparing a biography of the Chelsea philosopher.

—The first fasciculus of Dr. Zuckermendel's edition of the Talmudical treatise called "Tosiftha," according to the manuscripts of the libraries of Vienna and Erfurt, has just appeared.

—One of the most remarkable sales of a voluminous book

was that of twenty-nine thousand copies of "Scherzer's Expedition of the Novaru," the German edition of which fills twenty-one volumes in quarto.

—Mantua has just awakened to a conviction that she ought to raise a statue to her illustrious son Virgil. She has taken some little time to arrive at this conclusion, seeing that Virgil died 1800 years ago.

—Millais is going to paint a very striking picture. It is to represent the ceremony annually performed of searching the basement of the House of Commons by twelve Yeomen of the Guard before the opening of the House.

—Mr. W. J. Stillman's book on Herzegovina wins the praise of Mr. Edward A. Freeman, of the London *Academy*, who calls Mr. Stillman a student of insurrections, as well as an American consul and a London *Times* correspondent.

—Hans Richter, the celebrated Wagnerian conductor, has arrived in London to take charge of Wagner's rehearsals. Herr Richard Wagner has also arrived. Richter's directions to the members of the orchestra have been translated from German into English.

—M. Escudier, it is said, has secured Herr Rubinstein's "Neron" for the Salle Ventadour next season, as it has been withdrawn from the Lyrique, where it would have been given in French. Glinka's "Life for the Czar" will also be produced at Ventadour, in Italian, as at Milan.

—The viceroy of India has ordered that the comments of all Indian native papers on the proclamation of the imperial title at Delhi shall be published in full. One native paper of central India, it is said, satirizes the Delhi assemblage by an elaborate parody—"blasphemous to the highest degree"—of the Sermon on the Mount.

—The pictures and water-color drawings of Eugene Delacroix, the property of the Comte de Morny, have been sold in Paris. His celebrated painting of the Emperor Charles V at the Convent of St. Just sold for \$1,960, and an interior for \$890. Twenty water-colors painted in Morocco and considered among his most spirited productions were sold for \$3,039.

—Mr. Vedder is hard at work in his Roman studio. In a small garret-like room above he has little clay figures and groups which he models for a study of form and uses for light and shade. Besides these he has here all manner of artist contrivances. Only the intimate are admitted into this sanctorum. The Princess Marguerite, who thinks a great deal of American literature and art, takes much interest in Mr. Vedder's work.

—Father Giovanni, who has a most exquisite tenor voice of extraordinary compass, purity and limpidity, belongs to the Order of Franciscans. He was born at Lucca, but went to Rome two years ago, and only since that period has taken lessons in music. He is 35 years of age, tall, robust, and well-proportioned, and possesses, the inhabitants of Rome declare, the most delightful voice in the world. He sang the High Mass on Easter Sunday at the Church of the Stimate.

—The literary interests of Russia have been very quickly affected by the war, as is evident from the fact that the Russian booksellers have announced that they must postpone the payment of their debts to German publishers. While hostilities last, the reading classes in Russia will devote their attention mainly to the newspapers; and if the journalism of the Czar's empire were not under such a severe censorship, its importance would be greatly increased at the expense of other kinds of literature.

—"Fernan Caballero," otherwise Cecilia Bohl de Faber, the Spanish novelist, died in Seville on the 7th of April. Ex-Queen Isabella and the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier visited her several times during her illness. All the literary, noble and fashionable residents of Seville followed her remains to the cemetery. Fernan Caballero was at once the Dickens, the Hugh Miller and the George Borrow of her country; she painted peasant or gypsy life, middle-class life, scenery, with a true, graphic and graceful pen, and her works will live as long as Spanish literature holds its place.

—M. Masseuet's new opera, "Le Roi de Lahore," was produced at the Grand Opera, Paris, on the evening of April 28, before a brilliant audience, among whom were President MacMahon and Mme. la Presidente, the Emperor

and Empress of Brazil, the Prince of Orange, and a host of ministers, senators, and deputies, including Leon Gambetta. There are six scenes of wondrous beauty and twelve hundred Oriental costumes blazing with gold and jewelry. The music is very much in the style of Gounod. The instrumentation is magnificent. The music of the ballet is original and charming, and the ballet itself a delicious combination of picturesque effects. The cast of the opera was excellent.

—The German papers, in speaking of the Bavarian king's admiration for Wagner, state that it is his intention to have reproduced the first act of the "Walkure" on the banks of the Schwanensee, near his chateau of Hohen-schwagan, in the Bavarian Alps. An exact reproduction of Hundung's cottage has been erected near by, and the orchestra will be hidden in the pine woods which cover the high mountains about the chateau. The opera will be sung on starry nights, in the presence of the king's guests. While the singer Vogl and his wife will fill the parts of Siegmund and Sieglinde on the banks of the river, the king, dressed in the garb of a warrior of primitive Germany, will sail on the lake in a bark in the shape of a shell, drawn by swans.

Books and Periodicals.

—We have received from Appletons the May number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, the most ably conducted scientific magazine in America. This magazine usually goes on in a quiet way extending further and further the realm of science, but to our regret there are sometimes—we do not know why—bigoted outbursts against the Catholic Church. When will our dissenting brethren become true, and liberal, scientists? A scientific man should not have any unfounded prejudices—he should be above all such. With this exception we could recommend the *Monthly* to every scientist. It is true we are free to accept or reject its teachings and theories, but this is no reason why its contributors should pass the bounds of reason in their statements, which they certainly do at times. We speak of illogical and unscientific extremes; for we would not hamper writers too much or prevent free expression within reasonable limits. On the contrary, it is good and expedient that the *Monthly* publish articles tending to widen the region of thought, showing up illogical conclusions and explaining the scientific deductions of the different men of science to the scientific world at large; but all this should be done according to reason, independent of mere whim or prejudice. In this way its work would be a highly useful one. The May number opens with a fine engraving of Frederick A. P. Barnard. The article on "Gar-Pikes, Old and Young," by Prof. B. G. Wilder, is clear and very instructive. The next, on "Mesmerism, Odyllism, Table-turning, etc.," by W. B. Carpenter, clears that question. The article on "Aque-ducts," by W. Simons, is excellent. The entomologist will find much attractive matter in the article on "The Habits of Ants," by Sir John Lubbock; the astronomer will find an article on "The New Star in the Constellation of the Swan," by Amédée Guillemin. The article on "Antique Marbles" and the "Wonderful Divisibility of Gold and Other Metals" contain much useful information. "The Movements of Jupiter's Cloud-Masses," by Richard Proctor, is all that could be expected even from his masterly pen. "Toadstool-Eating," by Julius A. Palmer, is a very interesting article. The departments of Correspondence, Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany, and Notes, are up to the usual standard. Taken altogether, the May number is even with the advances of the scientific world. It is both scientific and interesting.

New Music.

—"The Poor Old Tramp," is the title of a new and beautiful song and chorus, by Will L. Thompson, author of the famous "*Gathering Shells from the Sea Shore*." Dealers are ordering it by the thousand. The whole country will soon be singing "*The Poor Old Tramp*." Price, with handsome picture title, 40 cents. Published by W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, Ohio.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, May 12, 1877.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

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War.

We frequently have sent to us from Elgin, Ill., a paper called "*The Informer*." The Editor is a Mr. Amasa Lord, and his sheet represents the views of the American Peace Society. We cannot say that we have war; on the contrary we would that all wars could be prevented, and that the nations of the earth should live together in peace and good will towards each other. We believe that the statesman who guides the affairs of a state in such manner that the horrors of war may be averted and the country led on to the blessings of peace is deserving of more honor and praise than he who conquers in many battles. Yet we cannot believe with Mr. Lord and the members of the American Peace Society that all wars are wrong, that there cannot be a just war, that it is not lawful for a man to enter the army, and that those who engage in war are murderers. Yet such is the doctrine taught by the *Informer* and by the society which it represents, and in teaching such doctrine we believe that they are wrong; by such extreme doctrines they in nowise advance the cause which they are striving to uphold.

War is not always morally wrong. There may be such a thing as a just war, in which the citizen is bound to take part. We say that in itself war is not morally wrong, and this is evident from the fact that God Himself on many occasions actually commanded the ancient Israelites to make war, or approved their course when they had begun a war. As God cannot approve of what is wrong, it is evident that the wars approved by Him were not morally wrong, and hence that war in itself may be just.

Again, war is not morally wrong unless it is opposed to some law. But there is no law which prohibits it. The law of nature does not prohibit it, for by the law of nature the individual has the right to defend himself and his property and to justly avenge himself. In a state of nature, where there is no established government, each one has

the right to defend himself and avenge a wrong done. If this be true of an individual, it follows that it must be true of nations; for states have precisely the same rights in relation to each other as individuals have.

Nor is war prohibited by divine law, as a reference to the Sacred Scriptures and to the writings of the Fathers in all ages attest. It would occupy too much of our space to quote from the teaching of the great doctors on this point, but it suffices that we know that none of them hold that war in itself is opposed to Divine law.

It is said that war is wrong, because if all nations practiced justice there could be no wrong. That is just the thing! Were all nations to practice justice, then indeed we might disband all armies and have perpetual peace; and if all individuals practiced justice, and lived up to all the precepts of the moral law, there would be no occasion for penal codes and a police to enforce them. As long, however, as man will continue to commit crime, the police must be maintained; and so long as nation continues to encroach upon nation, the aggrieved party will have the right, and be compelled, to avenge itself by an appeal to arms, no matter how great may be the evils which result therefrom.

Far be it from us to advocate war. So long as nations can avert it, war is useless and criminal; but when that time has passed and justice and right can only triumph by an appeal to arms, then war should be declared, and they who take part in it do right.

The Philopatrians.

As announced in our last issue, the Philopatrians gave their annual Entertainment in Washington Hall on the evening of the 8th. It was feared on Monday that the weather would not be propitious, for it rained and blew to its heart's content on that day, and when night closed the rain continued. However, all fears of bad weather vanished on Tuesday morning, when the sun came out at his usual hour and caused a genial warmth to abound. The day wore on, and when evening came the weather was just such as could be desired. As a consequence of the fine weather the hall was rapidly filled with visitors in anxious expectation.

At seven o'clock the Band began to play and the Entertainment opened. The music by the Band and Orchestra was rendered in that manner which has ever distinguished these organizations. The song and chorus by the Choral Union was meritorious, and we hope to hear the Union more frequently at the Entertainments. When we say *we*, we mean all at Notre Dame, for the applause which ever greets the singers tells more forcibly than words how much audiences in Washington Hall appreciate good singing.

There were two addresses read, one by Master R. Keenan and the other by Master G. Donnelly. These addresses were read pleasingly, and as they truthfully expressed the sentiments of the young gentlemen who form the Association they were listened to with close attention and warmly applauded. The curious rhymes introduced into the address read by Master Keenan created no small amount of amusement.

The chorus declamation, as it might be called, given by Masters G. Donnelly, J. H. Ingwersen, J. English, R. Keenan, C. Peltier, E. J. Pennington, J. Reynolds, Lee Frazee, T. Barry, K. Scanlan, W. Nicholas, W. Taulby, J. Stuart, and I. Rose, was quite a novelty, and was greeted with the

applause which novelty and merit combined always ensure.

Master Kichham Scanlan's declamation was given with ability, and would have done credit to one of more mature years. The same may be said of Master Paul Schnurrer's German declamation. Master Scanlan declaimed "The Green and the Gold," while Master Schnurrer's was a selection from Uhland.

The plays were such as young boys are able to personate with success. "The Public Benefactor" was the first on the programme. The characters were distributed as follows: "Erastus Steele," T. Barry; "Harry," Lee Frazee; "Solemn Longface," W. Nicholas; "Cyrus Caucus," C. Peltier; "Bobby Simpson," J. McTague; "Barry Hoolan," R. Keenan. The parts were all well taken and reflect honor on the young disciples of Thespis.

"The Brigand and his Son" was a little more difficult to render than "The Public Benefactor," but the young gentlemen went through their parts very well. The cast of characters was: "Corporal Nicolo Gambo," J. Stewart; "Matteo Falcone," J. Bell; "Gianetto Sampiero," C. Peltier; "Brozza," W. Taylor; "Fortunato Falcope," W. Nicholas; "Bonaventure," F. Lang. All the young gentlemen are to be congratulated on their excellent personations, which were an augury of success in future years when they shall have had more experience on the mimic stage.

The last play of the evening was "The Rightful Heir, or the Blind Boy," which required more good acting than the others. If there were an occasional stumble, if there were a little hesitation now and then, if a little more life were wanting at times, we can overlook the fact because of the youth of the actors. The parts were all played in a manner highly praiseworthy in boys of the age of the Philopatians, and we must award them the praise they deserved. The parts were as follows: "Edmund," J. Duffield; "Prince Rudolph," W. Taulby; "Oberto," A. Keenan; "Elvino," G. J. Donnelly; "Kalig," J. Ingwerson; "Starrow," J. Reynolds; "Stanislaus," A. Anderson; "Molino," R. Keenan; "Bonifacio," C. Peltier; "Lino," F. Pleins; "Fitzeustace," J. Nelson; "Roberto," J. A. Burger; "Giacomo," W. Taylor; "Edgar," I. Rose; "Adil," E. Poor; "Adolpho," F. Phelan; "Ambrosio," M. Vander Hayden; "Simon," T. Barry; "Dario," T. Wagner; "Utobal," E. Pennington; "Leoni," Julius Rogers; "Bataglia," J. Bell; "Leonardo," H. Sievers; "Josepho," A. Stewart; "Longobardo," C. McKinnon; "Frederico," A. Hatt; "Godfrey," L. Sievers; "Hidaspo," F. Rheinboldt; "Jacobo," W. Jones; "Reginald," T. Gibbons.

The epilogue was neatly given by Master J. Duffield, after which Rev. President Colovin made the closing remarks, in which he expressed the thanks of the audience for the rich treat given them by the young gentlemen of the Philopatrian Society. Prof. Lyons is to be congratulated on the success of the Entertainment, which far exceeded the expectations of all.

Personal.

—William W. Taylor (Commercial), of '70, is living in Chicago.

—Thomas Ellison, of '70, is practicing law in Fort Wayne, Ind.

—Louis Hilsendegen (Commercial), of '69, is in business in Detroit, Mich.

—Rev. John McManus, of '63, is pastor of St. Paul's Vicksburg, Miss.

—Charles J. Hertich (Commercial), of '68, resides at St. Genevieve, Missouri.

Rev. Father Sullivan, of Portland, Me., has been spending a number of days with us.

—John Wuest (Commercial), of '72, is in business with his father in Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Rev. John B. Krüll, of '66, is pastor of the Catholic Church at Augusta, Kentucky.

—Very Rev. Father Sorin left for Texas on Tuesday last. He will be absent several weeks.

—Mrs. Sehnert, of Chicago, and Miss Van Namee, of Elkhart, were here this last week.

—W. J. Winterbotham (Commercial), of '69, is in business at No. 208 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

—John Kauffmann, of '72, has gone to Munich, Bavaria, to complete a course in the higher chemistry and physics.

—Robert G. Blaine (Commercial), of '57, has been appointed Assistant Superintendent of the Senate document room, Washington.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Studebaker, and Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Reynolds, of South Bend, and Mr. and Mrs. Briggs, of Kankakee, Ill., were visiting Notre Dame on the 6th.

—Among those at the Philopatians' Entertainment (and there were too many for us to give the names) were Messrs. Dailey, of the *South Bend Herald*, and Brower, of the *Register*.

—We had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Elmer Crockett, the gentlemanly manager of the *Tribune Printing Company*, South Bend, on Tuesday last. He reports business in South Bend as very fair at present.

—J. D. Kelly (Commercial), of '69, is a partner in the large dry-goods firm of Chase, Cabot & Co., St. Louis, Mo. His old friends at Notre Dame were glad to hear that he was doing well, as will also his old schoolmates who have not heard from him.

Local Items.

—Last Sunday was a bad day for straw hats.

—The Minims' flower-garden is glorious in flowers in bloom.

—The Philopatians had their photographs taken on Tuesday.

—The weather was somewhat wet at the beginning of the week.

—It is rumored that the Cadets will have a picnic before many weeks.

—During this fine weather we notice very few invalids in the Infirmary.

—The invitations of the Secretary of the Alumni will be sent off this week.

—A number of students made their First Communion on Ascension Thursday.

—There will be a general review to-morrow. Ask the prefects what this means.

—The Censors of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society attended to their work well.

—Ascension Thursday was celebrated at Notre Dame with appropriate ceremonies.

—Br. Peter says he will make the parterre to sparkle like a crown of great richness.

—The procession took place on each of the Rogation days, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

—Baseball still occupies the attention of the majority of the students during the hours of recreation.

—Vespers to-morrow, as far as the Capitulum, are of St. Stanislaus, pages 145 and 45 of the Vesperal.

—The Philopatians feel proud over their success on Tuesday evening. They have reason to do so.

—The students should begin to practice some hymns to be sung during the procession on Corpus Christi.

—The members of the Boat Club have begun their regular training for the race at the beginning of the year.

—The attendance at class and the interest exhibited by the students while there are all that could be desired.

—Those boys who never do extra well themselves are the ones who become great critics at the entertainments.

—Ought not the class of '77 to plant a class-tree? Now is the time to do it if such is the intention of the members.

—The fine evergreen coniferæ in the parks already begin to make an attractive promenade these pleasant days.

—Will the members of the religious societies be ready with their regalia to take part in the procession on Corpus Christi?

—A few more trees planted on the Scholastic grounds and on the south bank of the upper lake would not be out of place.

—A young gent in the Junior department sports a gold medal which he says was given him several years ago for writing poetry.

—The Columbians have selected Mr. Kinney as their representative on Society Day. We have not yet heard from the other societies.

—The students who made their First Communion on Ascension day spent the three first days of the week in retreat at the Scholastic.

—Vegetation is now considerably advanced, and the green coats which are being donned day by day, by the trees, make things about here look pleasant.

—The Philopatrians return thanks to Bros. Leander, Paul, Columkille, Wilfred, Climacus, and Prof. Edwards for favors in connection with their late entertainment.

—"The Charge" as given by the Philopatrians was something novel and was very taking. It was a very good illustration of Prof. Lyons' method of teaching elocution.

—The Junior Choral Union have their rehearsals every day, and the progress individually made by the members is great. We hope to see them make their mark at the Commencement.

—The mails nowadays coming to Notre Dame are very large. The number of papers received each day are about one hundred and fifty. The letters are in the neighborhood of five hundred.

—The walks around the Calvary on the north side of St. Joseph's Lake have much improved that delightful resort. This is owing to the care and labors of Rev. F. Louage and those at the Novitiate.

—The Entertainment given by the St. Stanislaus Philopatrians on last Tuesday was enjoyable. The young gentlemen acquitted themselves in a very creditable manner and deserved the applause so cheerfully given them.

—Some people protest that it is not right to throw waste-paper about the premises. They hold that it makes a great deal of useless work, besides giving a very careless look to the place. Those interested in this please make a note of it.

—The late refreshing rains have made the surroundings beautiful in their verdure of bright green. The wheat fields in the neighborhood of Notre Dame are said to surpass anything in their vicinity,—and, with the blessing of God, promise a plentiful crop.

—The deciduous trees along the avenue are covering themselves with green foliage; also the apple-trees in the orchards. No doubt the boys are glad to see these latter favorites coming to life again after their long winter's slumber. We hope there will be plenty of apples this year.

—The 29th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Debating Club was held May 6th. J. W. Burke and G. J. Lonstorff delivered declamations. Essays were read by J. P. Kinney, G. B. Saylor and J. B. Patterson. J. P. Kinney was chosen to represent the Columbians on Society Day.

—The Little Gardener is fixing up the site of the old star garden in the rear of the College in good style—at least a good beginning has been made. A coat of green verdure with a few flowering shrubs here and there will make this a neat spot. Owing to the tearing down of the old steam-house it had been an unsightly place for the past year or two.

—Owing to the great press of work on all sides the old

botanical garden north-east of the College had to be abandoned, but we are glad to hear that most of the valuable plants placed there by Rev. Father Carrier have been cared for. It is said that a smaller one, requiring less labor, will be started this spring, which will serve as the nucleus of a future conservatory.

—Quite a number of persons visited the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, on the Scholastic grounds, on the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross. A plenary indulgence is attached to this visit, on the usual conditions of confession, Communion, and prayers for the Church and Pope. The Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem is a very little larger than this one, is nearly square, and has no altar.

—At the Entertainment on Tuesday evening a fellow from Lowell, who sat in the gallery, had the bad manners to light a cigar. A repetition of such conduct will bring about the rigid enforcement of the rule once adopted here of allowing no one in the hall except a ticket of invitation be shown at the door. Those attending Entertainments here are expected to behave like gentlemen.

—The Ninth Annual Reunion of the Associated Alumni of the University of Notre Dame will take place, in connection with the Commencement Exercises, this year on Wednesday, June 27. The Association at its last regular meeting abolished all fees until such time as the members may again deem it expedient to impose them. We hope the reunion will be even a more general and grand one than in former years.

—Br. Peter seems determined to leave nothing undone to make his garden as beautiful as it can be made. If hard work will accomplish anything then Br. Peter will accomplish it, for he works with more than a will. Those who pretended to prophecy that he would not be able to do what he did in years gone by will have to submit, and acknowledge that as a floriculturist Br. Peter is an eminent success. Take a stroll through his garden and you will be convinced of this.

—Singing in unison by most all the students makes the exercises of the Month of May much more interesting and devotional. After all, congregational singing is the best, and the sooner all people recognize this fact the better. The good singing of Prof. Girac's time is proverbial, but we have the authority of good musicians here that never was the singing at Notre Dame so grand, so devotional as when all the students join in the psalms and hymns. Every one should endeavor to sing.

—The Annual Commencement will take place on the 27th of June. On the 26th there will be a meeting of the Alumni, and on the evening of the same day there will be an exhibition by the Thespians and a boat race. Monday, the 25th, will be the Graduates' day, on which the graduates of the Collegiate department will appear in orations. Saturday, the 23d, is Society Day, when the representatives of the different Societies will appear. We hope that the Choral Union will have any number of songs for Commencement week.

—We regret to see that the only specimen of one of our old favorite roses, the *Geant de Batailles*, which formerly bloomed in the College parterre just in front of the Senior Commercial study-hall, has disappeared. Whether it was killed by the severe winter frosts of the last few years or otherwise destroyed we are unable to determine. The Queen of the Prairies, Solfatare and Yellow Harrisons have bravely stood the test, however, and flourish as of yore. A few good roses of the more hardy select sorts would add to the beauty of the parterre and would not be very expensive.

—Somebody has sent us a couple of copies of the *Vicksburg Daily Commercial*, as spicy a little sheet as it has been our lot to meet with for sometime. There is an occasional flash of sarcasm at the expense of its larger sized and older brother, Chas. A. Dana, of the *New York Sun*,—just for the fun of the thing, we suppose. We don't know of what shade of politics our Southern friend is, if he is burdened with any at all—perhaps Republican of a subdued coloring, but he is a clever fellow, with a ready quill and lots of electricity at command. The Danbury man had better look out for his laurels. We don't know who has called the *Scholastic* to the *Commercial's* attention, but it may be that some of the Notre Dame boys are connected with the paper.

—If the theory "straws tell which way the wind blows"

be true, our friend John is not likely to forget the course of the wind on last Sunday. The Juniors were on their way to the refectory when a sudden gust of wind sprang up, and away went our friend's "panama" high in the air. It lowered and raised, and again lowered, then like a flash passed through a window in the 2d story of the Infirmary, and, strange as it may appear, passed out the opposite window. He started in pursuit; the boys seemed to enjoy the scene, while we felt inclined to mark time and watch the chase, but the Prefect gave the command, forward! He entered the refectory at dessert, his face flushed and perspiring freely. In his right hand he held a cambric handkerchief, in his left, with vice-like grip, the object of his pursuit. He says straw hats are a nuisance, and that he would suffer to stand beneath the solar blaze till withered, charred and crisped away to cinder before he would be chasing a straw hat at every gust of wind that would come up.

—A man living in Augusta, Ga., writes complainingly to the *Boston Pilot*: "Let the Archbishop of Boston apply this principle (equality of race in the Church) in the new Cathedral, and permit every black woman who has a good voice to join in the Gregorian music; then you will rejoice, and call for a State law to enforce it." Well suppose that a poor negro woman does attend church where there is congregational singing, she will be welcomed and encouraged to join in the praises of God. Inside the walls of a Catholic church there is no distinction of race or condition. It is one of the advantages of Gregorian Chant that all the congregation may join in the singing if they choose, and we know of no priest who would deny to any negro the privilege of joining in the sacred song. There are many people now living who remember to have seen, even in the old slavery times, men as distinguished in civil life as Chief Justice Taney receiving Holy Communion at the same altar-rail with old negro women slaves, and it was thought nothing extraordinary. Why, in the little church here in Lowell there were at one time at the Communion rail Irish, Americans, Germans, French, Negroes and Indians, and the people were pleased at the sight. The *Pilot* nobly rebukes the writer of the letter for his non-Catholic spirit.

—There have been, probably, no less than eight hundred poor, hungry wanderers who visited Notre Dame during the past year, and who received such refreshment and clothing as their immediate wants called for. The great and apparently increasing number of these "tramps" is simply appalling. Why do not our legislators take the matter in hand and make some provision by which they will be enabled to earn their living? If this matter is not attended to in time worse evils will undoubtedly be the result. The State Legislatures should take some concerted action in the matter, and petition Congress to legislate upon it. There are abundance of waste lands in the United States where these young and old able-bodied men could be colonized and made a means of great good to themselves and the community at large. We venture to say that every hundred dollars of public money spent for such purposes would save triple the amount in State prisons and work-houses, as well as relieve the public of a nuisance and the country of a lasting disgrace. Talk about pauperism in the old Catholic countries of Europe! We have here ten to one the number of paupers to be found in any of them. It is high time effective steps were taken to stop this species of compulsory vagabondism, entailed by the want of labor throughout the older settled portions of the country, East and West.

—The following tribute to little Aloysius M. Tong is affectionately inscribed to the afflicted parents and relatives:

Hide, hide, ye golden sun,
Hide ye 'neath the cloud;
Beam no more! Our cherished one
Slumbers in his shroud!
Oh, how merry was his laughter,
Echoing on the air,
Making grief to follow after
Harder still to bear,
Yet God's holy will be done,
Though it claims our cherished one.

Life's sea of griefs and tears
It was thine to shun.
Mary, in thy infant years,

Took thee, chosen one.

Aloysius, consecrated

In thy innocence,

Saints who bear white lilies, waited

Till they bore thee hence!

Thou art spared earth's sin, earth's woe;

Tears, sad tears, why should ye flow?

Beam forth, bright sun, again;

One more link sublime

Has been added to the chain

Drawing us from time!

Such a golden link so tender,

With our hearts so bound,

That its mild, pervading splendor

Cheers earth's sterile ground,

Death's fierce aspect grows more mild,

Thinking of thee, darling child.

Cease, cease, rebellious thought!

Silence, breaking heart!

Earth one truth hath ever taught,

"Strongest ties must part."

Yet the winning smiles of Allie

Have not ceased to glow:

Though their light earth's dreary valley

Never more shall know.

Yet they play in climes above,

Full of heaven's undying love.

Shine forth, O golden sun!

Bloom, ye flowers of spring!

Round our lifeless little one

Your rich odors fling!

Sweet Elysium, snow-white token

Of our grief for him,

Speak to him our love unspoken

Ere his eyes grow dim!

Laughing eyes: their glance on high,

Rests where flowers can never die.

Roll of Honor.

[In the following list are the names of those students who during the past week have by their exemplary conduct given satisfaction to all the members of the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. Calkins, J. G. Ewing, L. Evers, J. Fitzgerald, T. Garrity, J. Gray, J. Kinney, J. Kuebel, F. Keller, W. Kelly, J. Lambin, J. Larkin, H. Maguire, P. J. Mattimore, P. W. Mattimore, J. Murphy, V. McKinnon, T. McGrath, J. McEairy, W. McGorrick, J. O'Rourke, P. O'Leary, J. Patterson, J. Perea, T. Quinn, M. Regan, P. Skahill, G. Saylor, F. Schliuk, G. Saxinger, P. Tumble, M. Williams, C. Whittenburger, H. Whitner.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

E. Anderson, A. Bergck, W. J. Brady, A. J. Burger, J. Bell, J. Boehm, F. E. Carroll, G. Cassidy, F. W. Cavanaugh, H. Canoll, J. Carrier, W. C. Champlin, M. Condon, J. Duffield, J. English, R. French, L. J. Frazee, T. Fischel, R. Golsen, L. Garceau, P. J. Gibbons, B. Heeb, J. Hagerty, W. Hake, J. Ingwerson, G. Ittenbach, C. Johnson, R. Johnson, W. Jones, O. Lindberg, F. W. Lang, J. Lumley, E. Moran, R. Mayer, J. McTague, A. A. Miller, W. Nicholas, T. Nelson, C. Orsinger, E. Pennington, F. Pleins, E. F. Poor, R. Price, J. P. Reynolds, F. Rheinboldt, S. D. Ryan, W. J. Ryan, I. Rose, P. Schnurrer, K. L. Scanlan, G. E. Sugg, A. Sievers, L. Sievers, C. H. Taylor, C. Van Mourick, W. H. Vander Hayden, L. Wolf.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

George Rhodius, P. Nelson, Geo. Lowrey, P. Heron, R. Pleins, W. McDevitt, W. Coolbaugh, Johnny Seeger, J. Scanlan, G. Lambin, G. Hadden, Charlie Reif, A. Coghlin, Willie Cash, E. Carqueville, H. Riopelle, Charlie Kauffman, A. Rheinboldt, John Inderrieden, F. Gaffney, A. Sehnert, W. Coghlin, F. Carqueville, W. Carqueville, Jos. Inderrieden, C. Long, H. Kitz, C. Hertzog, E. Hertzog.

Class Honors.

[In the following list are given the names of those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

FOR THE MONTH ENDING MAY 10.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

G. Saylor, G. Laurens, F. Vandervanuet, M. Williams, O. Hamilton, J. Burke, J. Fitzgerald, J. F. Krost, J. Kenny, F. Schliuk, P. Hagan, E. Pefferman, J. B. Patterson, J. Lambin, T. Fischel, T. Garrity, W. Ohlman, C. Orsinger, A. Bergck, J. Krost, J. Hagerty, C. Clarke, G. Cassidy, G. Sugg, L. Wolf, M. Hynds, C. O'Donnell, J. Kuebel, J. Gray, G. Saxinger, W. Turnbull, A. Hatt, F. Keller, J. Boehm, J. Ingwerson.

Saint Mary's Academy.

—The Notre Dame University Cornet Band visited St. Mary's last week. They took position and played the first piece near Loreto, thus acknowledging the Queen of both Institutions. afterwards they seated themselves on the rustic benches and gave us a real garden concert; no trash pieces, for their music is of the best, and so well rendered with regard to time and tone that we could scarcely realize them as an amateur band. Their present proficiency and great progress, earned by so much perseverance, must be very grateful to their leader, Rev. E. Lilly, C. S. C., who appeared very proud (and with justice) of his boys. The Faculty and the young ladies return thanks for the great pleasure afforded them by the graceful compliment.

—The Feast of St. Michael was a gala day for the members of the Holy Angels' Sodality. They all approached Holy Communion, and in the afternoon had a beautiful reception ceremony in Loreto. The names of the new members are as follows: full members—A. Kirchner, L. Chilton, M. McFadden, E. Mulligan, M. Lambin; aspirants—N. Hackett and M. Davis. The Rev. Chaplain gave them a pious instruction on the Feast, on the object of their Confraternity. The Chapel was tastefully decorated for the occasion. After the ceremony, the Angel Sodalists secured the favor of a recreation for their little friends of the Junior and Minim departments, and enjoyed a delightful afternoon. With them, Miss C. Silverthorn, of the Senior department, kindly presided at the piano and delighted them with her skilful performance.

For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, and correct deportment, the following young ladies are enrolled on the

Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Ritchie, A. O'Connor, A. Walsh, M. Cravens, M. Faxon, J. Bennett, J. Nunning, L. Beall, M. Walsh, E. O'Neil, M. O'Connor, L. Kelly, B. Spencer, J. Cooney, M. Spier, A. Reising, C. Boyce, M. and E. Thompson, E. Rodinberger, S. Moran, M. O'Mahoney, M. Carroll, B. Wilson, L. Weber, G. Kelly, C. Silverthorne, E. Forrey, E. Pleins, A. Cavenor, E. Kirchner, K. Kelly, N. McGrath, M. Dunn, L. Tighe, M. Pomeroy, G. Conklin, M. Smalley, S. Cash, M. Halligan, K. Martin, C. Ortmeier, K. Gibbons, M. Usselman, M. Hungerford, J. Burgie, N. Johnson, S. Rheinboldt, 100 *par excellence*. Misses M. Julius, M. Brady, L. Johnson, A. Byrne, H. Julius, P. Gaynor, A. Harris, A. Henneberry, H. Russell, H. Hawkins, A. Cullen, E. O'Connor, D. Cavenor, B. Siler, J. Burgert, L. Weier, E. Wright.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses C. Correll, L. Chilton, A. Morgan, D. Gordon, A. Kirchner, M. McFadden, I. Mann and M. Davis, 100 *par excellence*. Misses L. Walsh, A. McGrath, M. Redfield, M. Mulligan, J. Kingsbury, M. Ewing, F. and J. Sunderland, M. Robertson.

MINIMS—E. Mulligan, M. Lambin, L. Cox, M. Cox, F. Fitz, N. Hackett, L. Vannamee, L. Ellis, A. Getty, A. Williams, J. Butts and E. Wootten, 100 *par excellence*.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN ENGLISH STUDIES.

2D SR. CLASS—Miss Mary Ewing.

1ST PREP. CLASS.—Misses A. Ewing, A. Morgan, L. Walsh, D. Gordon, M. Mulligan and A. Kirchner.

2D PREP. CLASS.—Misses C. Correll, A. McGrath, L. Chilton, I. Mann and M. Redfield.

JR. PREP. CLASS.—Misses L. Cox and J. Kingsbury.

1ST JR. CLASS.—Misses M. Davis, F. Sunderland, N. Hackett, L. Vannamee and L. Ellis.

ART DEPARTMENT.

DRAWING.

4TH CLASS.—Misses C. Silverthorne, M. Spier, A. Williams and A. Getty.

5TH CLASS.—Misses K. Gibbons and J. Butts.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

3D CLASS.—Misses M. Smalley, A. Cullen, L. Kirchner, M. and E. Thompson and S. Moran.

OIL-PAINTING.

2D CLASS.—Misses L. Ritchie, C. Morgan and P. Gaynor.

3D CLASS.—Misses E. Lange, A. Koch, S. Moran, M. O'Connor, D. Cavenor and M. Schultheis.

GERMAN.

1ST CLASS.—Misses M. Faxon, A. O'Connor, M. Julius, H.

Julius, L. Weber, A. Kirchner, L. Kirchner, M. Schultheis and L. Kelly.

2D CLASS.—Misses A. Harris, M. Usselman, L. Walsh, D. Gordon, A. Reising, C. Ortmeier, S. Rheinboldt, A. Koch, M. Spier, L. Johnson, C. Boyce and S. Hennebery.

FRENCH-CLASSES.

1ST CLASS.—Misses L. Beall, N. McGrath, P. Gaynor, M. and E. Thompson, B. Wilson, A. Harris.

2D CLASS.—Misses H. Russell, J. Burgert, C. Silverthorne, L. Rodinberger, A. McGrath, M. O'Connor, J. Bennett, A. Walsh.

3D CLASS.—Misses M. Brady, A. Byrnes, M. Walsh.

4TH CLASS.—Misses S. Moran, A. Ewing, M. Ewing, E. and M. Mulligan, A. Getty, A. Williams, J. Butts.

PLAIN SEWING.

Misses L. Ritchie, A. Walsh, A. O'Connor, M. Cravens, M. Faxon, M. Brady, J. Nunning, L. Beall, A. Byrnes, M. Walsh, L. O'Neil, M. O'Connor, L. Kelly, A. Reising, J. Cooney, S. Hennebery, M. Spier, H. Russell, B. Wilson, E. Thompson, L. Rodinberger, S. Moran, M. Carroll, H. Hawkins, A. Cullen, A. O'Connor, A. Harris, L. Tighe, G. Conklin, S. Cash, K. Martin, M. Hungerford, L. Brownbridge, S. Rheinboldt, L. Weier, E. Lange, L. Weber, M. Schultheis, A. Woodin.

—Tecumseh Sherman, the Lieutenant General's youngest child, is a little fellow only ten years of age, shy and quiet to a degree, but whose every taste is toward a military career; when he takes a pencil in his hand it is only to draw forts and soldiers, guns and cannons, battlefields and camps; his toys are drums, swords, guns, soldiers and small cannon, and his favorite reading is *The Army Register*, for which he will drop his most cherished story books. Young as he is he knows the name and station of every regiment—in fantry, cavalry, and artillery—in the army; he knows the rank, actual and by brevet, the name and station of every officer, down to the youngest lieutenant. West Point is the object of his hopes, and he is thought to be seriously exercised lest his cousin, George Miles, should so effectually quell the northwestern troubles as to leave him no chance to strike a blow.

—At the end of this century there will probably not be half a dozen buildings left in Paris which are associated with the history of France before the Revolution of 1789. The work of improving them off the face of the earth shows no abatement, whether under the rule of Louis Napoleon or of President McMahon. Dozens of interesting edifices have fallen during the past year, and it is now more than twenty years since Victor Hugo burst into an eloquent lamentation over the disappearance of the Paris of his *Quartier Latin* days. One of the most extraordinary circumstances about Paris is that, large though it be, it does not grow larger. It is to France infinitely more than London is to England, and, besides, is the home of thousands of foreigners from all parts of the world, and yet it never gets near the great city on the Thames in point of population, or even in the extent of its first-class residential streets.—*Exchange*.

—The great English ecclesiastical publishers, Rivingtons, were leading members of the trade 150 years ago, and several of the London publishing houses date back a hundred years. Immense fortunes have been made in the house of Longman & Co., and others. Booksellers and publishers have not, however, been conspicuous people in public life in England, and the most remarkable man in the trade in that respect is Mr. W. H. Smith, M. P. for Westminster, and Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Smith's father kept a small shop for books and lesser literary ware, in a mean street near the Strand, some forty years ago, when the railroads were beginning to run through the land. He be-thought him that the public would need something where-with to occupy its mind when travelling, and set up a stall at a station. The thing took, and he added stall to stall, until he had an enormous business running throughout England and Ireland. His establishment in the Strand is one of the sights of London, and the admirably appointed carts of the firm, with the best driven and quickest horses in the great city, may be seen darting through the streets at all hours. W. H. Smith & Co., take the first 20,000 copies of the *Times* every morning, and are a power in the land, compelling even the newspapers to suit their convenience. Mr. W. H. Smith is a man of the very highest character, universally liked and respected. He has amply fulfilled the expectations raised of him in his present official position, and is certain eventually of a seat in the Cabinet.—*Exchange*.

Attorneys at Law.

SPEER & MITCHELL [N. S. Mitchell, of '72], Attorneys at Law, No. 225 Brady St., Davenport, Iowa.

LUCIUS G. TONG, [of '65] Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Real Estate Agent, Room No. 2 Arnold's Block, South Bend, Ind.

THOMAS B. CLIFFORD, [of '62] Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Commissioner for all the States, 206 Broadway (cor. Fulton), New York. Special attention given to Depositions.

FANNING & HOGAN [D. J. Hogan, of '74], Attorneys at Law, Room 26, Ashland Block, N. E. Cor. Clark and Randolph sts., Chicago, Ill.

JOHN F. McHUGH [of '72], Attorney at Law. Office, 65 and 67 Columbia St., Lafayette, Ind.

DODGE & DODGE [Chas. J., Notary Public, and Wm W., both of '74], Attorneys at Law. Collections promptly made. Office, Hedge's Block, Burlington, Iowa.

ORVILLE T. CHAMBERLAIN (of '61), Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds. Office, 93 Main St., Elkhart, Ind.

McBRIDE & MILLARD (Jas. E. McBride, of '68). Att'ys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, and Proctors in Admiralty. Practice in all the courts of Mich. and of the U. S. Office, 41 Monroe St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

WILLIAM J. CLARKE (of '74) Attorney at Law, Rooms 3 & 4, Law Building, No. 67 S. High St., Columbus, O.

JAMES A. O'REILLY—of '69—Attorney at Law, 527 Court Street, Reading, Pa. Collections promptly attended to.

JOHN D. McCORMICK—of '73—Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Lancaster, Ohio.

Civil Engineers & Surveyors.

C. M. PROCTOR [of '75]. Civil Engineer of City and County of Elkhart. Office, 67 Main St., Elkhart, Indiana. Special attention given to Hydraulic Engineering.

ARTHUR J. STACE [of '64], County Surveyor for St. Joseph County. South Bend, Ind.

Weekly Newspapers.

THE CATHOLIC COLUMBIAN, published weekly at Columbus, O. Subscriptions from Notre Dame's students and friends solicited. D. A. CLARKE, OF '70.

THE AVE MARIA, a Catholic journal devoted to the Blessed Virgin, published every Saturday at Notre Dame, Ind. Edited by a Priest of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Subscription price, \$2.50.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' FRIEND, published monthly at Logansport, Ind. 50 cts. per year. Subscriptions solicited from the friends and students of Notre Dame. ARTHUR C. O'BRIAN, OF '76.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, Published weekly during term time at Notre Dame, Ind. Terms, \$1.50 per Annum.

THE SOUTH BEND HERALD, published weekly by Chas. Murray & Co. (T. A. Dailey, of '74) \$1.50 per annum.

Hotels.

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L. S. & M. S. Railway.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 26, 1876, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2 25 a m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 9 50; Cleveland 2 20 p m; Buffalo 8 10.

10 07 a m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 4 55 p m; Cleveland 9 45.

11 59 a m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 5 10 p m; Cleveland 9 45 p m; Buffalo 4 00 a m.

9 10 p m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2 40 a m; Cleveland, 7 15 a m; Buffalo, 1 10 p m.

4 40 p m., Way Freight.

GOING WEST.

2 45 a m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3 55 p m, Chicago 6 30 a m.

5 38 a m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 7; Chicago 9 a m.

4 05 p m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 50; Chicago, 8 20 p m.

8 00 a m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 a m; Chicago 11 30 a m.

8 30 a m., Way Freight.

J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

J. H. PARSONS, Sup't West Div., Chicago.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Supt.

THE "WESTERN CITIZEN."

The WESTERN CITIZEN, the only Journal published in Indiana in the interests of the Irish race, will be furnished at

One Year	-	-	-	-	\$1 50
Six Months	-	-	-	-	90
Three Months	-	-	-	-	50

Sample Copies sent on application.

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Organ for Sale.

A PIPE ORGAN, nearly new, made by the same firm as the large Organ now in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame, is now offered for sale. The case is of a neat design, with front speaking-pipes, ornamented in gold and colors. Dimensions, 6 feet wide, 3 feet deep, 9 feet high. Manual, compass C. C. to a³, 53 notes. Pedale, C. C. to d, 27 notes, 10 Stops, 232 Pipes, with a Swell Pedal and Blow Pedal. All inclosed in an effective swell, except the Pedale.

Manufacturers' price, \$700; will be sold for \$500.

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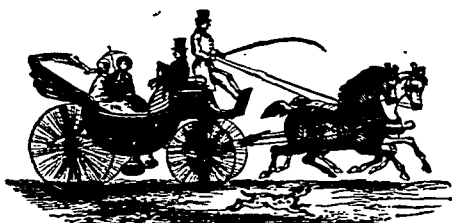
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refer, by permission, to the Superiors of both Institutions.
P. SHICKEY.

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The Naturalists' Agency has been established at 3725 Lancaster Avenue, Philadelphia, for the purpose of giving collectors of objects of Natural History an opportunity of buying, selling or exchanging their duplicates or collections.

Specimens sent to any part of the world by mail. An illustrated monthly bulletin of 8 pages sent free.

I received the highest award given to any one at the Centennial Exposition of 1876, and the only award and medal given to any American for "Collections of Minerals."

My Mineralogical Catalogue of 50 pages, is distributed free to all customers, to others on receipt of 10 cents. It is profusely illustrated, and the printer and engraver charged me about \$900, before a copy was struck off. By means of the table of species and accompanying tables most species may be verified. The price list is an excellent check list containing the names of all the species and the more common varieties, arranged alphabetically and preceded by the species number. The species number indicates the place of any mineral in the table of species, after it will be found the species name, composition, streak of lustre, cleavage or fracture, hardness, specific gravity, fusibility and crystallization.

The large increase of my business has compelled me to rent the store No. 3727, and use it entirely for Birds, Mammals, Shells, Plants, Books, Fossils, Mound Builders' Relics and other objects of Natural History. I have secured the services of one of the best taxidermists in the country, and can do the best custom work.

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Crystals and fragments.	\$ 50	\$1	\$1 50	\$ 1	\$ 2	\$ 3
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High School or Acad. size, 2½x3½ in. shelf specimens				25	50	100
College size, 3½x6 in., shelf specimens				500	100	300

Send for the bulletin stating where you saw this advertisement.

A. E. FOOTE, M. D.,
Prof. of Chemistry and Mineralogy,
Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science
Life Member of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences
and of the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park, New York.

Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—April 15, 1877.

	*Mail.	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	‡Night Express.
Lv. Chicago....	5 00 a.m.	8 30 a.m.	3 50 p.m.	5 15 p.m.	9 00 p.m.
" Mich. City..	7 32 "	10 40 "	6 25 "	7 40 "	11 15 "
" Niles	9 00 "	11 55 "	8 20 "	8 55 "	12 35 a.m.
" Kalamazoo..	10 50 "	1 15 p.m.	10 10 "	10 25 "	2 17 "
" Jackson.	2 15 p.m.	3 45 "		12 50 a.m.	4 55 "
Ar. Detroit...	5 45 "	6 15 "		3 35 "	8 10 a.m.
Lv. Detroit....	7 00 a.m.	9 10 a.m.		6 05 p.m.	10 15 p.m.
" Jackson....	10 21 "	12 00 m.		9 30 "	1 05 a.m.
" Kalamazoo..	1 15 p.m.	2 38 p.m.	4 00 a.m.	12 16 a.m.	3 20 "
" Niles	3 11 "	4 07 "	6 10 "	2 35 "	5 20 "
" Mich. City..	4 40 "	5 20 "	7 50 "	4 15 "	6 45 "
Ar. Chicago....	7 05 "	7 25 "	10 25 "	6 55 "	9 00 "

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Ar. Niles— 8 55 " 8 00 "	Ar. So. Bend—7 00 " 4 55 "

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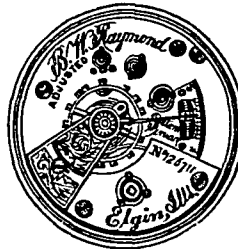
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Springfield and St. Louis Ex. via Main Line.	8 05 pm	9 30 am
Springfield, St. Louis and Texas Fast Ex. via Main Line.	7 30 am	9 00 pm
Peoria Day Express.	4 00 pm	9 30 am
Peoria, Keokuk and Burlington Ex.	7 30 am	9 00 pm
Chicago and Paducah Railroad Express.	8 05 pm	9 30 am
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CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

DEC. 10, 1876.

TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT,

Cor. Canal and Madison Sts. (West Side).

On arrival of trains from North and Southwest.

GOING WEST.

	No. 1, Fast Ex.	No. 7, Pac. Ex.	No. 3, Night Ex.	No. 5, Mail.
Pittsburgh, Leave	11.30 P.M.	9 00 A.M.	2.00 P.M.	6.00 A.M.
Rochester, Leave	12.40 A.M.	10.15 "	3.14 "	7.45 "
Alliance, Leave	3 05 "	12.50 P.M.	5.55 "	11.00 "
Orrville, Leave	4.47 "	2.32 "	7.42 "	12.55 P.M.
Mansfield, Leave	6.50 "	4.40 "	9.55 "	3.11 "
Crestline, Arrive	7.30 "	5.15 "	10.30 "	3.50 "
Crestline, Leave	7.50 A.M.	5.40 P.M.	10.35 P.M.	
Forest, Leave	9.25 "	7.40 "	11.53 "	
Lima, Leave	10.45 "	9.35 "	1.05 A.M.	
Ft. Wayne, Leave	1.20 P.M.	12.10 A.M.	3.25 "	
Plymouth, Leave	3.45 "	3.20 "	5.49 "	
Chicago, Arrive	7.20 "	7.20 "	9.20 "	

GOING EAST.

	No. 4, Night Ex.	No. 2, Fast Ex.	No. 6, Pac. Ex.	No. 8, Mail.
Chicago, Leave	10.40 P.M.	8.20 A.M.	5.35 P.M.	
Plymouth, Leave	2.40 A.M.	11.25 "	9.00 "	
Ft. Wayne, Leave	6.55 "	2.10 P.M.	11.45 "	
Lima, Leave	8.55 "	4.05 "	1.39 A.M.	
Forest, Leave	10.10 "	5.20 "	2.50 "	
Crestline, Arrive	11.45 "	6.55 "	4.20 "	
Crestline, Leave	12.05 P.M.	7.15 P.M.	4.30 A.M.	6 05 A.M.
Mansfield, Leave	12.35 "	7.44 "	5.00 "	6.50 "
Orrville, Leave	2.32 "	9.38 "	6.58 "	9.15 "
Alliance, Leave	4.10 "	11.15 "	8.55 "	11.20 "
Rochester, Leave	6.22 "	1.20 A.M.	11.06 "	2.00 P.M.
Pittsburgh, Arrive	7.30 "	2.30 "	12.15 P.M.	3.30 "

Train No. 6 runs Daily. Train No. 4 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday. All others daily except Sunday.

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Night Express.....	10 00 p.m.	6 50 a.m.

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